

ROTORUA ANGLERS ASSOCIATION

May 2022

NEWSLETTER



Whirinaki trout. Photo: Owen Poad

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Contribution Deadline: 20th of each month

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The content and comments in this newsletter are those of the authors or by participating members and not necessarily those of other Association members

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

The summer is slowly passing, and the fish are starting to congregate again at their release points and stream mouths. The winter night fishermen are emerging to brace the cold, and some will persevere till midnight.

I have been looking through the first 50-year report of our association edited by Lew Sperry. He mentioned previous anglers giving up some fishing time to help. Also note a technicality: we are an association, not a club. A club is often a place where members come to drink cheap beer, and this was discussed in length 20 years ago. Here are some snippets gleaned from the 50-year report. It is interesting to note some of the challenges anglers faced in the past continue to this day: introducing bass fishing, trout and koura farming, litter and pollution, weed control, maintenance of access roads and updating regulations.

Dave Ellery who was Patron at the time said that once waters gain commercial value, there is a clash with anglers. Since the 1950s association members have helped with tagging fingerlings before their release. Our fishing guidebook was first published in 1955 (now on 8th edition) and in 1956 the first "A-Z" angling classes started. In 1959 it was reported that the fingerlings at the Ngongotaha hatchery were being predated by rats and kingfishers in the uncovered pools, so the association stepped up to cover the pools. Recently, at Hamurana, I saw a rat leap into the stream mouth, swim underwater for two metres and come out up the bank again. Since 1959 members have helped at Tarawera to make the parking area, build the jetty and the hut at the stream mouth. In 1962 the association started with the building of the Stony Point jetty and boat ramp, and in 1973 there were repairs to the jetty and the ramp was extended. For those who know about pile driving and concrete slabs, this was a major achievement and came at a cost. In 1967 the association members built four casting platforms at the Trout Pool but after a dozen years these deteriorated and were eventually removed. In 1972 a team of anglers from Auckland, Hamilton, Morrinsville and Tauranga Joined the association members to plant many trees at Rerewhakaaitu. After 20 years pines and willow trees were cut down at Homestead Arm. Lastly, the Kid's Fish Out was started on 3 July 1976 and has been a huge success. This means we are now seeing the third generation coming through. In 1977 the association built the jetty at Hanna's Bay, with help from the Rotorua East Lions club and

funding from the Ministry of Sport and Recreation. In 1992 Richard Randall arranged for a helicopter to dump gravel into the spawning stream at Lake Tarawera.

Now we need a small working group to go through the next 25 years, coming up in 2024, so we can publish something to record again what has happened. The earlier we can start the better, as we need to first find the documents, and go through them to look for events of interest. I am quite interested in practical history because it gives us time to reflect and appreciate what people have achieved in the past and then wonder what we should be doing in the future.

Rika and I are back home again but painting 60% of the house again is taking time. We both have shoulder and knee injuries so are swimming lengths at the Aquatic Centre to strengthen up again – it helps. Maurice and Sherryle are off to Sweden shortly to see their daughter. Anyone travelling please Google ‘travel declaration’ that is now needed for flights.

The pizza party at Ron’s house was great, and we could probably hint at a repeat. The home brew Dark, Red and Pale were very good. I have subsequently heard that there will be a remembrance meeting for Ray Baker at his retirement centre in Cambridge on 14 May. Neville, myself and Terry aim to go. Anyone interested to join us, please let me know. We need some help on the committee for a bar coordinator, so anyone willing to give up some fishing time, please let me know.



1271 Fenton St, Rotorua, 07 348 3147

FISH OF THE MONTH



No fish were weighed in this month

The winner of the Fish of the Month Award will receive a \$10 voucher redeemable from Hamills Rotorua

MAY UPCOMING EVENTS & REMINDERS

Sun 1st	Dark moon
Mon 2nd	Fly tying. Clubhouse, 7pm. Visitors welcome: gold coin donation
Sat 7th	Stream Team. Maintain the Ngotahal Stream. 9:30 am. BBQ: noon
Sat 14th	Fishing/Casting club
Thurs 19th	Committee meeting. Clubhouse, 7pm
Fri 20th	Tuki Tuki trip. Magazine article deadline
Fri 27th	Last BBQ, next month potluck. Clubhouse, from 5 pm
Sat 28th	Lake Okataina night fishing trip. Meet at the jetty from 4 pm
Mon 30th	Dark moon

FLY TYING, APRIL 2022



Soft Hackle Fly- Partridge and Orange. led by Phil Trautmann

Hook: Size 10 to 18 reg.

Thread: 8/0

Body: Wool, two strands, orange or another colour; or

Hare's Ear, dubbed.

Hackle: Partridge (good speckles)

Method

Wind thread from eye to rear, in touching turns, ending even with the barb.

Wind in wool (or dubbing, if preferred) at rear, then advance thread to 2 mm behind eye.

When wool or dubbed body is wound forward, make final wrap AHEAD of hanging thread.

Next, wrap of thread locks wool in place, next 3 wraps locks wool STRONGLY in place. Wrap thread to eye and back to wool, trim away the surplus body material.

Prepare partridge (or similar) feather: strip fluff from stem, gently stroke feather to right angles to stem, leaving a tiny bit of tip to be trimmed, and tie in just behind eye.

Grasp butt stem of feather with hackle pliers and gently wrap feather 2 to 3 wraps so that feather fibres spread out at right angles to hook. Stroke feather tips slightly rearward as you wind. Tie off.

Wind a head and finish with a half hitch. Observe your work and make any adjustments, such as insuring hackle is uniformly distributed around hook. Finally make a three-turn half hitch and call it a WHIP FINISH. A small dot of head cement and you are done!



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THE EDUCATED TROUT

Gavin Corbett

If you have spent any time conversing with anglers, you will have heard comments relating to the perceived intelligence of a trout. The stories anglers tell credit the wily trout with a cunning intelligence and survival skills that will defeat even the most experienced angler. The recounting of those defeats is conducted with conviction and ensures that the audience become believers, convinced of the trout's intelligence. The stories they hear, coupled with their own experience on the water, convince them that trout can, and do, outsmart the average fisherman.

"They don't get to be that big without being smart" is a comment heard numerous times.

"Too smart for me " is another that the defeated angler will enunciate as he gives up on a fish that refuses to take that fly presented with such confidence.

"Too many anglers have fished this water before me" is an observation that credits the trout with innate intelligence and reasoning ability.

This belief that a trout will learn defensive or evasive behaviour based on the number of anglers fishing a particular stretch of water is a firm favourite for anglers trying to justify their failure. The concept that trout learn from past experiences is the foundation of most of the reasoning an angler employs when justifying his lack of success. Yet trout have a brain the size of a pea. The trout has no concept of what an angler is, fishing lines, or artificial lures. The trout cannot distinguish an angler from any other person approaching their territory and has no concept of the angler's lethal intent. The trout has no understanding of the angler's carefully chosen attire or of the expensive rod and gear designed solely to aid the angler, in deceiving his quarry. The trout don't know the difference between a Pheasant Tail, Hare and Copper, Mrs Simpson, Grey Ghost, Hairy Dog, Coch-a-Bondu, or any other variant that the hopeful angler may offer. Trout don't have the cognitive reasoning ability to perceive the fly offered as a poorly tied imitation of their natural diet.

Put it another way, and with the criteria used to describe human intelligence, trout are not intelligent. Neither are trout stupid in the sense that we understand stupidity—just that they are not intelligent in the sense that we perceive intelligence amongst ourselves. A trout's behaviour is instinctive, governed by the big three, first, survival, (avoiding predators); next, food intake (maximum

energy for minimum effort) and lastly, procreation, (the survival of the species). Intelligence is the wrong word to describe a trout's instinctive behaviour and understanding this makes a real and practical difference to how we fish for them. Rather than crediting the trout with intelligence and reasoning, could it simply be that the angler needs to fish smarter?

A NOTE FROM JOE

Hi everyone

Many of you will know I have relinquished with regret the honorary position as Patron of this club. I have enjoyed the involvement and hope my contribution has been of value. I will continue to stay involved and help out whenever I can. Apart from family activities, the year ahead for me is an exciting one as I have been invited to advise and assist in the planning and implementation of a native planting programme covering all areas of Tahuriorangi tribal lands known as the Peka block. This is to enhance the water quality before entering Lake Rotorua.

You, the members of this club over many years, have had a hand in this development. Many, both past and present members have taken part on planting days. Several club members have supplied their trees to plant and look after. This option is always available to anyone if you so desire.

If any of you would like to ever visit and see the contribution our club has made you are most welcome.

Kind regards,

Joe.

MY FISHING ODYSSEY IN THE SOUTH ISLAND

PART 2

Owen Poad

We looked over the cliff to a trout that looked about a metre long. Glynis had come to have a look but between the fish and I was a 40-metre cliff and a river crossing. So, I walked way down the river until I managed to descend through some trees, then broke a willow branch to help me cross the river and then I was in casting distance of a very large South Island brown.

Today we had visited five different rivers without seeing a fish. In fact, all were high or both high and muddy and this was our last shot. A goal of mine was to fish the River Dove which ran down a valley called Dovedale. I had successfully fished the River Dove in UK, which was the favourite river of Isaac Walton, but the NZ version had recently been in high flood and appeared fishless. We then travelled up the Motueka River and had covered many back country kilometres. One of the highlights during the day was finding a plastic container by the river filled with marijuana buds and little yellow pills. Glynis made me throw it away despite the fact I could see a considerable profit. I retained a very handy pocketknife and despatched the rest back into the bush.

So back to the fish. I tried a dry fly; it didn't want that. A downstream wind was blowing the fly first to the left and then to the right so on with a nymph and we were connected. The fight was solid, most of the time it stuck to the bottom of the pool. It was like playing a rock but eventually I drew it ashore and netted it. Glynis took a long-distance photo (from about 50 metres away) and I released a true trophy fish. How big? Bigger than 9lbs but as well as length, it was very deep, and I was proud to catch it.

We then travelled north to Collingwood and down came more rain. All the local rivers were again in flood and rain and the bad weather drove us back to Nelson without even a look at a kingfish. A highlight in Collingwood was visiting "The Mad Love Boat Club" cafe for a meal. An enlightening experience and can be recommended for its food and friendly atmosphere.

I had been very keen to travel inland to the Cobb Dam (which is owned by Trust Power). The Motueka River looked very fishable as the road ran beside it for many kilometres to the power station and then over the range to the dam. We went up to the head of the lake and I then wandered up the river and saw a couple of fish, one simply doggo and the other spooked after a false cast. A highlight at that point was a cheeky weka who went right inside our car looking for food while we ate our lunch.

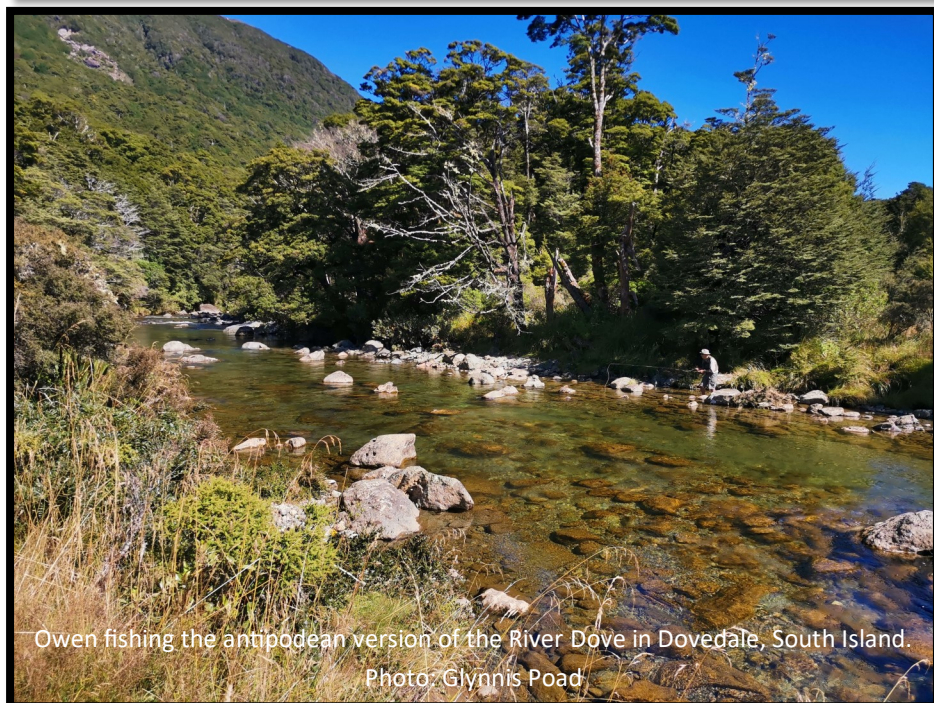
Larry was also not far away, and we had decided to meet up if possible. We had a day together on the Motueka River which was not so flooded but had been up about three metres. We fished some amazing pools and the only fish I saw was one which tried to eat my indicator. We then tried the Wangapeka which joined close to where we were. Larry spotted a fish right away and we fished upstream where Larry almost caught another very large fish. We planned to fish another river the next day, but overnight rain ruined our plans.

The only other river I fished was the Riwaka which comes roaring out of a hillside at the Resurgence. I climbed a fence beside the road to look in a likely pool. A fish there looked a sitter, so I went back to get my rod. A gate not far away had some signs on it and when Glynis looked them, they were not welcoming. Actually, it was quite the opposite so I had to put my rod back in the car. There were a couple of other fish I tried to catch but I had lost my glasses so couldn't see to tie a fly on and eventually gave up a chance to catch another South Island rising fish. They were eating very small flies. Have you ever tried to tie off a size 18 when you can't see the eye of the hook?

All in all, we saw very few fish even in rivers that have a very high reputation. The fish we saw were both large and smart. In fact, I think they hatch from the eggs at around 4lb with an IQ of 120. They make our Rotorua trout look quite unsophisticated. So back home to the comfort of my local rivers with a lot more South Island experience that I hope to be able to use on my next trip – tiny flies and long leaders.



Owen's big fish is lying over the white rock in the middle of the Motueka River.
Photo: Glynnis Poad



Owen fishing the antipodean version of the River Dove in Dovedale, South Island.
Photo: Glynnis Poad



Story-telling at Ron's beer and pizza party. Photo: Piet Otto



Ron's pizza oven.

Photo: Rika Otto



Trout eat these tiny black snails off the lake weed in Lake Aniwhenua. Taken from a trout's stomach over the Easter weekend. Photo: Piet Otto



Mark Goodwin, a guest at the Whirinaki weekend.
Photo: Owen Poad



Present low water level at Lake Okataina. Photo: Jenny Taylor



Owen releasing his big fish after landing it in the Motueka River:

Photo: Glynnis Poad